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From the Gift for 1840.

ANGLING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

outh wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,
e sunshine is veiled in a mantle of grey;
pring rains have passed, and the streams leap along,
n fall, are not shrunk, with their sparkle and song;
e mouth loved by anglers—'tis beautiful June—
y, then, away to the bright Callikoon!

ow wild path through the forest is here,
d. licate hoof-prints—the trail of the deer;
s and above us what splendor of green!
y can scarce pierce the thick branches between;
ghtly this moss-hillock yields to the foot!
gnarled is yon bough, and how twisted that root!
white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out—
the air one deep hum from the bees all about!
he chesnut—'tis gala-day with her—behold!
aves nearly covered with plumage of gold;
, far in the depths of the coverts below,
ackberry blossoms are scattered like snow.
upward, the thresher is whistling her lay,
he red-crested woodpecker hammers away;
locust's shrill bugle now swells and now dies,
the caw of the crow echoes hoarse as he flies,
knots of bright butterflies flutter around,
he squirrel seeks, barking, his grot in the ground.
eak from the tree-groups—a glade deep with grass—
wild clover's breath loads the sense as we pass;
arkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen—
the bright Callikoon—through its thickets of green:
ush to the banks its sweet music to hear,
sh, dash and gurgle, all blent to the ear;
adow is there from the cloud-covered sun;
lunge in its crystal—our sport is begun:
ine where that ripple shoots onward we'll throw,
t sweep to the foam-spangled eddy below;
mor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown—
wings to our basket—the prize is our own.

ass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—
he dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide;
mor is heard; spots are darting from sight;
duck with her brood speeding on in affright;
—'tis the water-snipe cleaving the air;
ass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

ere, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook
the pool slumbers deep in a leaf-shadowed nook,
e the eddies are dimpling and circling away,
gently, for here lies the king of our prey.
w still—for if greater the sound meets his ear
the burst of a bubble, we strike him with fear.
cautious his touch of the death-covered bait!
od is now trembling; but patiently wait:
—raise your line, yet most gently—'t will bring
credulous victim more sure to his spring—
k, and the angle is bent to its length;
the line from the reel, or 't will break with his strength;
he darts round in foam!—but his vigor is past
steadily to you—we'll hang him at last!
up, but beware that strong struggle and gasp,
the noble sized creature is filling your grasp;
bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride
brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side!
we leave the rent scene of the dead monarch's reign
a despot that moves on to triumph again.

voice of the cascade now burdens the air;
oach, for our prey's crowded city is there.
whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,
ply well our art, for no further we roam.
asket soon fills, but our muscles are tired,
e sinks in the sky till the day has expired.
robin has warbled his vespers and flown,
the frog from the creek has commenced his trombone;
eagle has ceased his slight arrow to show,
the brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below.

bank then we clamber, our home-path resume;
h the torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom;
the dreams of our sleep-fettered pillow restore
day-sport, distorted but pleasant, once more.

ew York.

From the Token for 1841.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"Grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall
the body of it ever fair."

Measure for Measure.

t is a common saying, that no individual pro-
by another's experience—there are few, we
eve, that profit by their own; few to whom
y not be justly applied that striking saying of
eridge, that "experience is like the stern
ts of a ship, which only illuminate the way
t is passed." But, of all the scholars I have
r known in this ever open school of experi-
e, my friend, Mrs. Dunbar, is the most un-
chable. With a fair portion of intellect, with
uick observation, and fifty years' acquaint-
e with the world, she is as trustful, as credu-
, and as hopeful, as, when a child, she be-
ed the rainbow was a rope, of *substantial*,
en light, with a golden cup at the end of it;
there was a real man standing in the moon,
that the sky would, one of these bright days,
, and we should catch larks. Being of a be-
olent and equable temperament, her credu-
has the most happy manifestations. Her
h in her fellow creatures is implicit, and her
fidence in the happiness of the future un-
vering; so that, however dark and heavy the
ds may be at any given moment, she be-
es they are on the point of breaking away.
have known but a single exception to the
neral and pleasant current of my friend's life.
e anxiety and disappointment crossed her,
ch even her blessed alchymy could not gild
transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune;
was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar said, she
no reason why they should not take their
n on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they
ld come up again, and if they did not, why,
own private fortune was enough to secure
m from dependence and want. Her husband
none of her philosophy, or, rather, happy
perament; philosophy gets too much credit.
had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had
en a direction very common in our cities; an
iration after commercial reputation, and the
lth and magnificence that follow it. Mr.
nbar had mounted to the very top rung of the
der, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions
hopes were prostrated. A fever seized him
the severest hour of disappointment, and the
al and physical pressure killed him. But
was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar loved and
ored her husband, without having any pecu-
sympathy with him. He imparted none of
projects to her, and neither interfered with
participated in her quiet, every-day pursuits
pleasures; so that no harmonious partner-
p could be dissolved with less shock to the
vivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common-
ce solaces, on such occasions, such as, "We
t all die"—"Heaven's time is the best time,"
a particular and reasonable consolation in
ng relieved from the sight of unhappiness that
could not remove or mitigate. This was not
fishness, but the necessity of her nature,
ich resembled those plants that cannot live
less they have sunshine, and plenty of it.

Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of
re promise, who was just seventeen at his fa-
r's death. He most happily combined the
racter of his parents—the aspiring and firm
ughts of his father, and the bright spirit of
mother. His education had been most judi-
usly directed by his father; and his mother,
thout any system or plan whatever, had, by
spontaneous action of her own character,
st happily moulded his affections. At seven-
n, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the per-
tion of a youth;—with a boyish freshness and
yfulness, and a manly grace, generosity, and
rtesy. Much more attention than is usual
our country had been given to the adorn-
nts of education; but his father, who had all
pect to the solid and practical, had taken
re that the weightier matters were not sacri-
ed; and he had a prompt reward. So capa-
and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his fa-
r's death, that the mercantile house in which
was clerk offered him, on advantageous
ms, an agency for six years, in France and
gland. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his de-
rture. But this parting of the widow from her
ly son, her only child, and such a child, was
t the cross. "There was nothing like throw-
a young man, who had his fortune to carve,
his own responsibilities," she justly said;
Fletcher would get good, and not evil, where-
er he went. She should hear from him by
ery packet, and six years would soon fly
ay." And they did, and this brings me to the
ry of that drop, that diffused its bitterness
through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling.

The six years were gone; six years they had been to Fletcher, of health, prosperity, and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man, who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed away. Uncles, aunts, and friends had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes, and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

I have said, that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove, that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instincts of nature, of the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

Now he had returned; they were under the same *roof*;—Fletcher was three-and-twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

> "a countenance, in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;
> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet, than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be any thing more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him?

The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift "far fetched," and enriched with the odor of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspondence. "Pray tell me, Fletcher," asked Mrs. Dunbar, "who was that Bessie Elmore, you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?"

"Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her *cousin*—a pretty title to shelter a flirtation; I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country."

"Was she very like Ellen?"

"Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!"

Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, "Ellen is very English in her looks."

"Yes, aunt, a 'rosy, sturdy little person,' as English Smith used to call me."

"Not too sturdy, Ellen," said Fletcher, "and not too little—just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?"

"She has always just filled mine," replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled, and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have settled. "You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?"

"None. A happy home, in my own country, has long been my 'castle in the air,' and now, thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestial foundation."

"Ellen is not the person to relish this 'taking for granted,'" thought Mrs. Dunbar; Fletcher should be more reserved.

Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. "Pray," he asked, "what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?"

"We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

> 'To a party give up what was meant for mankind.'

I suppose you know she has been a 'bright and particular star' this winter—a belle?"

"Has she? I am sorry for it!"

"So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She has, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years standing, declare there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted up on Carroll Place, where the Prestons live, '*Apollo's Court*,' on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Seldon told me, he had thrown away a half year's commissions on bouquets and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had 'ended in smoke.' She is said to be engaged."

"Engaged!" Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, "To whom is she engaged?"

"Pray don't look so distressed, cousin; I only reported it as an *on dit*—I forgot your flame for Matilda."

"Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?"

"The preeminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston."

"Ned Garston! a monkey—impossible!"

"Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some Troubadour in the Louvre."

"What do you mean, Ellen?"

"I mean, that Ned Garston's very pretty, black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat—that he wears tresses, like a girl's on each side of his face, and mustachios and whiskers that would befit a grand Sultan. The girls call him the 'Sublime Porte.'"

"And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this Jackanapes?"

"How wildly you talk, Fletcher!" interposed his mother, "you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child."

"But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston, at thirteen, was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a *form*. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice?—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?"

"Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain."—

"I have no doubt it is his fortune," said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favor," that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion."

"The fashion would have more influence with Matilda than fortune, I suspect. You know, aunt, she refused Stanhope Gilmore, who is very rich, and very clever into the bargain."

"But you remember, Ellen, she told us her father would never have consented to her marrying a *Loco Foco*."

"Loco Foco! what the mischief is that, mother?"

"Why—the lowest of the people—an agrarian, you know—a Tory."

"What does my mother mean, Ellen? I never heard such a confusing combination of terms."

"You surely know what we mean by Whigs and Tories?"

"Not I."

"Do you never read our newspapers?"

"Very seldom—never the party papers. An American abroad is ashamed of the petty wrangling, virulence, and vulgarity of our political papers. We care only for the honor and prosperity of the country at large. We love our countrymen, by whatever name they are called, and it makes us heartsick to take up one of our popular journals and see it proclaimed, that 'a crisis is at hand!'—that 'the country is on the brink of ruin!' that 'the constitution is in jeopardy!' and can only be saved by a doubtful majority, rallying with all their strength against a corrupt *faction*, about to prostrate the liberties of the country! The only way to keep your temper is never to look into a newspaper. But, pray, can you tell me what are these *Loco Foco* Tories?"

Poor Mrs. Dunbar never disturbed the serene heaven of her mind with politics. She received a very vague impression from the persons she associated with, and in accordance with this impression, she now replied. "I don't know precisely—I remember my father talking about the Tories in Revolutionary days being the enemies of their country, and I suppose it is just the same now."

Mrs. Dunbar answered in good faith. The changes of the last sixty years, the new formations, and the remodelings; the old parties with new names, and the new parties with old names, still existed in her mind as the ideas originally entered it, as handed Whigs and Tories. Fletcher laughed at her reply and said, "I see, my dear mother, you are just where I left you. The Loco Focos, I take it for granted, Ellen, are the Administration party."

"Yes."

"And Stanhope Gilmore, sprung from the most aristocratic family in the State, is a Loco Foco?" and Matilda Preston's father, of a purely democratic origin, belongs to the aristocratic party?"

"Just so."

"Well, thank Heaven, our party associations may make a great uproar, but they can never have the element of danger while they are so unstable and accidental!"

A ring at the door, and the entrance of a note 'To Miss Fitzhugh,' cut the thread of Fletcher's generalizations. He cast his eye on the note, and exclaimed, "That I am sure is from Matilda Preston though I have not seen her writing for six years. If there is nothing private in it, will you allow me to look at it, Ellen?"

"Certainly, there is nothing private, only such a strange proposition!"

"Read it aloud, please, Fletcher," said Mrs. Dunbar; and Fletcher read as follows:

"Dearest Ellen:—You are engaged to go to Mrs. Reeves's costume ball to-morrow evening. Some tiresome people have been persuading me to appear as Rebecca. Now I am well aware, that, in the article of beauty, I am not fitted to impersonate the lovely Jewess, but I am half inclined to try it, because I can so well arrange a dress for the character. Mamma has a remnant of a last century's dress, a bright yellow India silk, embroidered with silver, that, with my ostrich feather and *agrafe*, will do admirably for the turban. I do not quite comprehend Rebecca's *simarre*, but I think the boddice of my brocade will do as a substitute.

"My note was interrupted by a visit from Madame Salasuar. She offers me her diamonds—a bas pride, I'll wear them. They are essential to give the eastern character of magnificence. Then, you know my 'sable tresses,' my 'aquiline nose,' my 'dark complexion,' and my 'Oriental eyes,' as De Ville will call them, will all work in as accessories, to give a *vraisemblance* to the *tableau vivant*.

"Now, my sweetest Ellen, I cannot appear as the Jewess, unless you will accompany me as the Lady Rowena. Pray—pray do not refuse me, why should you?

"Perhaps you think '*l'obscurité convient aux femmes*;' my dear, it will come soon enough when there are kitchens and nurseries for us to supervise—let us buzz a little while in the sunshine first.

"Do you know a possible Ivanhoe among the invited? I do not. My acquaintances are all party-going, unknightly gentry enough. Garston proposes to appear as Brian de Bois-Guilbert!!! The perverse winds and waves!' if they had but sent us Fletcher Dunbar!" (Here the reader blushed, smiled, and hesitated. "Read on, my son," said his mother, impatiently, and on he stammered.) "A Palmer's dress, in which you know Ivanhoe first appears, would have been just the thing for Fletcher's advent from foreign land, though the uprooted oak, the device of his shield at the tourney, and the motto, *Desdichado*, (Disinherited,) would have ill fitted Mrs. Dunbar's heir-apparent. It is so intolerably provoking that he has not arrived, when he is probably within a short distance of us. He is so clever and with such a born grace! but perhaps, after all, he might be cross and refuse; therefore, we shall have to do as well as we can without him. You, dearest Ellen, will not refuse me? You will be the 'Queen of Love and Beauty'; I only the poor Jewess, who, you remember, the Prior of Jorvaulx swore was far inferior to the lovely Saxon Rowena."

"Is Matilda Preston out of her head?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar: "A fitting character for you, truly, Ellen, that pompous, cold, disagreeable, inspired Rowena. Don't think of it, my dear child."

"I shall not think of it for other reasons, aunt. I cannot conceive any thing more absurd than for me to personate a beauty—a tall beauty, too! born to the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage."

"I see no objection in that my dear child. There are not half a dozen readers of Ivanhoe, who remember whether Rowena was tall or short; and as to beauty, that is, as to what is really engaging and captivating, I am sure"——

"Pray, dear aunt,"——

"The servant is waiting for an answer," said Mrs. Dunbar's maid.

"He shall have it instantly," replied Ellen, taking up her pen.

"Stop one moment, my dear cousin," said Fletcher, laying his hand on hers; "if it is not disagreeable to you, say Yes. I should particularly like surprising Matilda, and joining you at this ball in the way she proposes. I do not see, that, to merely dressing in costume for Rowena, and calling yourself by that name, you arrogate to yourself beauty, and queenship, and all that. Where you make one of a group, the resemblance is a matter of inferior consequence. Matilda's Jewess will be so striking, that she will shelter all our imperfections."

Ellen still hesitated, and looked perplexed, and Fletcher added, "I see it annoys you—it is a sacrifice of your prepossessions—write the note as you at first intended."

The word sacrifice seemed to Ellen to set her reluctance in a ridiculous light, and she felt ashamed of having hesitated, at this moment of Fletcher's return, to accede to a request that involved pleasure to him. "I will write it as *I should* have intended, if I had not been more thoughtful of myself than of others' pleasure. You must make up your mind, aunt, to my doing the Lady Rowena too much honor! Shall I tell Matilda I can find an Ivanhoe, and that we will meet her at Mrs. Reeves's at ten?"

"Thank you, Ellen—yes—but pray don't give a hint of my arrival; let us see, what was the Palmer's dress—do you remember, mother?"

Mrs. Dunbar did not; but, believing and hoping in her heart it would be something so unsuitable as to induce Fletcher to abandon the project, she eagerly sought the first volume of Ivanhoe on the book-shelf, and gave it to him. Fletcher opened at the entrance of the Palmer into Rotherwood. "'A mantle of coarse, black serge,'" he read aloud, "admirable! that is easily got up, and can be easily thrown aside. 'Coarse sandals bound with thongs on his bare feet.' By your leave, Sir Palmer, I shall not meddle with those. 'A broad and shadowy hat, with cockle shells stitched on its brim.' Excellent! 'A long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm.' As we are not to tramp to Holy Land, we will omit the shoeing. The branch of palm is the grand point. That can be got from my old friend Thornton."

"And what is Ellen's dress to be?" asked Mrs. Dunbar—"I hope that will not be forgotten."

"My dear mother, *forgive me*—Ellen was busy with her note—finished and sent is it!—you always execute while others are planning, Ellen. Ah, here is the description; 'Hair between brown and flaxen'—yours has a touch of the auburn—the Saxon red."

"Red!" interposed Mrs. Dunbar, "Ellen's hair red! it has a true golden tinge."

"*Red* gold, mother."

"At any rate, Fletcher, it is not red, flaxen, or brown; I might have remembered Rowena's hair was flaxen—every thing about her was unmeaning."

"'Her hair,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'was braided with gems.'"

"Le Fleur will manage all that," said Mrs. Dunbar, "with my set of pearl." She began to feel a little womanly interest in the getting up of the dress.

"'A golden chain,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck.' That, my dear cousin, you must allow me to manage, that is, if a cross will do in place of a reliquary, and, as they are both symbols of the same religion, I do not see why it will not." He unlocked a very beautiful dressing-case, which he now told Ellen he had brought for her, and took from it a rich gold chain, with an exquisitely wrought cross attached to it. "I brought this prophetically," he said, clasping it round Ellen's neck.

"Would the chain, and not the cross, had been prophetic!" thought Mrs. Dunbar, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"The memory of affection is always prophetic, Fletcher," said Ellen; "it links the memory of past to future kindness."

"What, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dunbar; "I don't clearly understand you."

The chain and the cross were too suggestive to Ellen's mind to admit of any very clear explanation. Fletcher's quick eye perceived her embarrassment, and, imputing it to the awkwardness that very commonly attends receiving a gift, he went on with the book. "'Her dress was an under gown and kirtle of pale green silk.'"

"Your new gown is the very thing, Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Dunbar; how fortunate! *green*, your own color."

"'Ellen's color the emblem of desertion!' mother?"

"No, no indeed, Fletcher; no one who has ever loved Ellen could forsake her."

Fletcher, all unconscious of the feeling that was bubbling up from his mother's heart, coolly proceeded in his trying process. "Here is a stumbling block! 'The Lady Rowena wore a long loose crimson robe, manufactured of the finest wool, which reached to the ground.'"

"A stumbling block? by no means, Fletcher; Amanda can convert my India shawl into such a robe without the least injury to it, and I'll answer for it the Lady Rowena's mantle was dowlas to that. Is there any thing else?"

"'A veil of silk interwoven with gold?'"

"My Brussels lace will be just the thing; it is magnificent, and will shelter without concealing."

At another time Ellen's right joyous spirit would have found merriment enough in the project of arraying her little, unobtrusive person in a crimson robe, flowing to the ground, and at the simplicity of good Mrs. Dunbar, in supposing she could carry off any thing 'magnificent.' She had another kind of veil to wear, for the first time in her life, to conceal her feelings, and to assume a cheerfulness she did not feel.

Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling home affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, "Ellen, do not go; I have something to say to you." Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. "Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?"

"I do not believe she is."

"Why are you in such haste? sit down—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess—I have only to tell you the weakness and strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen—cousin—sister, I should rather call you, for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer, there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects, and hopes—from whom I can take counsel. To begin, then, when I left America you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?"

"There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still."

"Affectionately intimate?"

"Matilda is very kind—very affectionate to me."

"And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen."

Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time, a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said, "It may be more mine than Matilda's fault, that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think Matilda is much what she was when you left us—that is—that is, allowing for the difference between a school girl and a belle, Fletcher."

"A belle!—how I hate the term. But how could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you, I was a reserved boy, neither you nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predilection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love-token, many a promise. It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy; but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. 'The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud.' It may, after all, have been, on her part, a little innocent foolery, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes have blended with the thought of Matilda; and, blessed by Heaven in my enterprise, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith painted her." Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen. Hers fell. "Will you not—*can* you not, Ellen, give me a 'God speed?'"

The flush on Ellen's cheek faded to a deadly paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution; and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied, with a tolerable steady voice, "Do not ask a 'God speed' of me now, Fletcher;—wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend; and then, if your ripened judgement confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my"—"God speed," she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer, and adding, "my earnest wishes—my prayers," she burst into irrepressible tears, and, sorrow-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings she fled, without even a 'good night,' to her own apartment.

The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. "It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or known grief," he thought; "Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit—her 'obedient passions, well resigned.' Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart?" The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected. There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable, and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one thing discovered another, and Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda, and will 'study her character,' and abide by the decision of my 'ripened judgment,'" resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three-and-twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long cherished love!

When love takes possession of a mind perfectly sane in other respects, it acts like a monomania. This one idea has an independent existence, a complete ascendency, an absolute rule. The faculties of perception, comparison, judgment, have no power to modify—the will no control over it. An angel, surely, should keep

> "Strict charge, and watch that——
> No evil thing approach or enter in"

the paradise of the affections.

The trials of the evening were not over for Ellen. It was her invariable custom to undress in Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, and to have a little gossip over the interests of the closing day, and the anticipations of the leaf of life next to be turned, before they parted for the night. This is the hour, that, of all others, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Memory pours out her hoarded stores, and young hope shows by her magic lantern, her visions of the future.

Ellen had often sat with her loving friend over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passage in Fletcher's letters, where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, that sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening hopes never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, "My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine," she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her 'castle in the air,' were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that, put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light. To tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her 'good night kiss;' but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here; it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth." While saying this she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau, the tone of her voice and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen, as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"Now you are at the bureau, aunt, please take out your crimson shawl," said Ellen, luckily hitting on an external object to engage their attention. Mrs. Dunbar fumbled at the drawers long enough to give herself time to clear her voice and dry her eyes, and then, throwing the shawl into Ellen's lap, she said, "You are welcome to that and every thing else I have in the world, God knows, my dear child; but I don't wish you to go to Mrs. Reeves's to-morrow evening—I don't think you will enjoy yourself."

"It's no very rare thing, at a party, not to enjoy one's self, aunt. I shall certainly have the pleasure of obliging Fletcher."

"That's true, Ellen; but then it was not like him to ask you, when he saw it was so disagreeable to you. I don't see why he should set his heart upon this foolish Ivanhoeing."

"But you see *why he does*, aunt." Ellen spoke with a smile, melancholy, in spite of her efforts.

"Yes, I do, I do!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I see that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amazing interest in Matilda Preston. I had never so much as thought of it—it's insanity, Ellen—he is as blind as a beetle."

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston."

"That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering."

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and, if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with different eyes."

"Never, Ellen, never in the world—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean—I can't tell you, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me—you are the child of my heart—you have grown up at my side—I can never love another daughter; whomever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home."

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, "I shall never marry—*never*." And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good-night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection she quieted her apprehensions with a thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child, who, shutting his own eyes, fancies no one can see him.

When Ellen left Mrs. Dunbar's room, she went mechanically down stairs to perform her last household duty, which was to see that the doors were secured. On the floor, at the street door, she perceived a note; and, on taking it up, saw it was addressed to a Miss Littell, Miss Preston's dress-maker, who lived opposite the Dunbars'. It had been accidentally dropped by Miss Preston's careless servant. It was unsealed, and Ellen, taking it for granted it related to something about the costume for the Reeves party, and that it might be important to have no delay in getting it into the hands of the *artiste*, rang the bell for the servant, intending to send it, though the hour was unseasonable. Diana, Mrs. Dunbar's crippled old cook, called out from the kitchen stairs to Miss Ellen, that "Daniel had just gone up to bed." Daniel, like his pagan mate, Diana, had lived out, and overstayed his lease of three score and ten with kind Mrs. Dunbar; and Ellen, hesitating to call him down, ventured to open the note, to see if it were a matter of any importance. It contained only the following three lines:

"Pray, Miss Littell, if you have any dealings with Mrs. D.'s family, do not mention that you informed me of the arrival of her son.
M. P——."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Ellen, involuntarily.

"What is it, Ellen? What did you think?" asked Fletcher, who, unheard by her, had just come into the open door for something he had left behind.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said she. He playfully attempted to wrest the note from her hand, till, seeing she anxiously retained it, he desisted, and she returned to her own apartment, where she breathed freely for the first time for many hours, and where she spent a long, sleepless night in expelling from her mind her shattered hopes, and forming her plans for the future.

"Ought I not," she said, in her self-examination, "to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda. After much meditation the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her 'God speed' till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorise his decision. She reflected, that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before, that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged those faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious, that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston. She looked again at Matilda's discrepant notes of that evening, and charitably allowed, that she had at first felt too much displeasure at what struck her as absolutely false, but what, after all, might be an innocent stratagem to get up a dramatic scene, and perhaps to shelter emotions at a first meeting with Fletcher. But oh, Matilda, why *always* a stratagem? Why never let the appearance answer to the reality? Why never trust yourself to simple truth?" Because Matilda was afraid that truth would not serve her so well as she could manage for herself. We have no doubt our friends, the Phrenologists, would, with a very fair intellectual development, have found a great predominance of the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and secretiveness on Matilda's head. She had an intense love of admiration, not merely of her personal charms, for her preeminent beauty was settled by universal suffrage, and she had no anxiety about it; but she would be thought, in all her circle of acquaintance, to be the most capable of disinterested friendship, and of self-sacrificing love; her tastes were in favor of all the virtues—she really wished to be amiable and excellent; but the virtues have their price, and they will not abate one jot or title;—that price is self-abasement, self-forgetfulness, and generosity. "Hard it is to climb their steeps;" and they can only be achieved by painful and persevering efforts. At the first real trial appearances vanish like vapor—there is no cheating in the long run in the matter of goodness.

With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favorite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises—her consciousness of herself was always apparent—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite to Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straightforwardness to all her dealing, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty) that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved, the web she was perpetually weaving or ravelling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance, or rather, we should say (with more reverence) God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression. Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, "in trying to conceal my feelings. I cannot—I never did in my life—I must just set to work and overcome them. Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and for ever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl—as a dear, kind brother; that should be—it *shall be*, enough." This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and once made, she set about, with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution.

"In the first place," thought she, "I must have something extraordinary to occupy me, or I shall be constantly, and oh how painfully, watching Fletcher's every look and action; in spite of myself I shall be hoping and fearing. This must not be, for I know how it must all end!" It occurred to her that it was nearly as important to divert Mrs. Dunbar's attention as her own, and a lucky thought came into head. Mrs. Dunbar's physician had been urging her, for some weeks, to have a little wen removed, that was growing to a dangerous neighborhood to her eye. Mrs. Dunbar was timid and procrastinating; but, with Fletcher's aid, Ellen felt sure of persuading her that this was the very best time for the operation. Then she determined at once to put in execution a project she had conceived, of teaching a poor, young blind girl, a pensioner of Mrs. Dunbar's music. Ellen was an accomplished musician; and she certainly was not over sanguine in believing, that the prospect of qualifying a drooping, dependent creature to earn an independent subsistence, would make sunshine for some hours every day.

With these, and other similar plans in her head, which were necessarily deferred till after the Reeves ball, Ellen appeared the next morning with a light and strong heart, and correspondent face, voice, and manner. Oh, if rightly put to the test, what unthought of powers there are in those who every day yield themselves the passive victims to uncontrollable circumstances:

> "powers
> That touch each other to the quick, in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

Ellen talked over with Fletcher, with real interest and unaffected cheerfulness, the arrangements for the evening. If she had put into action all of Talleyrand's diplomacy, she could not so thoroughly have convinced him, that his surmise of the preceding evening was unwarranted. Half of Mrs. Dunbar's griefs were removed by the conviction that her favorite did not share them!

We could fill a volume with the details of the ball, and the circumstances of the following six weeks, and all the developments of character and feeling which came from them; but we must cut down our history to the dimensions of its Procrustes' bed. We must say for our favorite Ellen, that, bating a few inches of stature, she did honor to the character she so reluctantly assumed. Her usually sparkling eyes were languid from the sleeplessness of the preceding night, and her color, which, in heated rooms, was apt to be uncomfortably high, was abated and fluctuating, and her dress, so happily arranged and judiciously modified, that the Saxon beauty, for once, fairly divided the suffrages with the brilliant Rebecca. But with the mere externals ended all resemblance to the truth of the characters. The Palmer, the Christian devotee, had nor eye, nor ear, but for the proscribed Jewess; and Rebecca was all delight at finding, beneath the broad brim of cockle-shells, and the *Sclavonian*, the contour and air of a very elegant young man, who, she felt assured, had returned no less her ardent lover than the boy she had parted with six years before. She managed her prepared surprise so awkwardly, that Ellen wondered at Fletcher's blindness. He was indeed blind! As to poor Garston, he was so enchanted with himself in the Templar's costume, that he never once dreamed how near he was to a more portentous overthrow than that of his prototype on the field of Ashby de la Zouch.

We must pass over the next six weeks with merely saying, that Ellen executed her plans—that Mrs. Dunbar found, in the complete success of a dreaded operation, a very considerable counteraction to what she still maintained was by far the greatest grief of her life. But it was plain, that even in no selfish grief could her benevolent feelings be merged. She was exceedingly excited with Ellen's marvelous success with her musical pupil, and she had the most eager pleasure, every day, in the result of a subscription Ellen had had set on foot for the yet unpublished book of a poor author, or, rather, a very poor man and good author. We must confess, that Ellen had her hours of conflict, agitation, and despondency, when life was a burden; but even then, though the eclipse seemed total to her, she saw light beyond the shadow. Is there ever total darkness to the good?

Fletcher made her his confidante. This was a pretty severe trial; but she tried to feel, and did feel, in some measure, the sympathy he expected; and she was prepared by degrees for the final communication, that he and Matilda had plighted faith. In spite of her resolutions and efforts she turned excessively pale, and tried in vain to command her voice to speak; but this did not surprise Fletcher. All deep emotions are serious. He had never himself been more so than at this moment of the attainment of the dearest, the long cherished wish of his heart. One hour before, he had felt a pang that he in vain tried to forget, when, while their mutual vows were still warm on their lips, Matilda had left him him in haste, lest she should not be the first at the opening of a newly-arrived case of French millinery! He painfully contrasted this with Ellen's emotion—with his own; and a thought arose through the mists of his mind, repressed as soon as perceived, that there were more points of sympathy between him and Ellen Fitzhugh, than he had found with Matilda.

As to poor Mrs. Dunbar, whom Ellen trusted she had quite prepared for the crisis, she took to her bed, upon the first intimation of it, with a head-ache that lasted, unintermitted, as never had head-ache, or *heart-ache*, with her before, for three days. In vain Matilda came to ask her blessing. Mrs. Dunbar was unaffectedly too ill to receive her. "With God's help and time," said the good lady to Ellen, "I will do my duty to Fletcher's wife; but as to seeing Matilda Preston now, that's quite impossible—and as to ever loving her as a child.—'The wind bloweth where it listeth.'" Mrs. Dunbar was no philosopher; her instincts alone had led her to the discovery of the great truth, that our volitions have no power over our affection.

Ellen, now that all was decided, kept her eyes resolutely on the bright side. "I am very sorry aunt," she said, "you did not feel equal to seeing Matilda this morning; I have seen her more brilliant, but never one-half so interesting. Love has given an exaltation to all her feelings—has breathed a soul into her face. There was a gentleness and a deference in her manners to Fletcher, that is quite new to her. She feels his superiority, and it may work wonders on her character."

"Do you think so, Ellen; Well—for Fletcher's sake—God bless him!—I'll hope for the best. I am not an observing person, Ellen; but I have often remarked, that love, like showers from Heaven, is reviving to the thinnest soil, and every thing is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful for a little while; but the flowers soon fade—the grass withers—nature will take a natural course."

"But, aunt," replied Ellen with a smile, "may not grace subdue nature?"

"No, my dear, no; it may help nature on its way, but not change it. I am sure I have tried my best for the last six weeks to put down nature; but it is too strong for me, Ellen." Mrs. Dunbar wiped away a flood of tears and then went on. "Ellen, I have been thinking this was a good time, while we are all so wretched—I mean, while I am—to speak to Fletcher about looking over that private desk of his father's. Will you take it to him, dear? You know I have never looked into it. Before strangers come into the family, it is best to have papers that concern no one but us, disposed of. You need not say that to Fletcher; but I can trust, dearest child, to say nothing to him that appears unfriendly to Matilda; just give him the desk and key." Ellen did so; and, at the first leisure moment, Fletcher sat down to its examination. He found nothing of particular interest till he came to a file of letters, marked, "Correspondence with Selden Fitzhugh." Before transcribing the only two letters of interest to the reader, it is necessary to premise, that the elder Dunbar and Fitzhugh had been intimate from their childhood, and that, after their marriage, the closest friendship united their families. A letter from Fletcher's father to his friend, which seemed to have been written soon after his failure, ran thus:—

"Dear Fitzhugh:—My ruin is total. The labors, the enterprises, the successes of twenty years are wrecked—nothing remains. I am the victim, in part, of the folly of others, in part, I confess it with shame, of my own grasping. I had competence, I desired riches, and thus it has ended. But the worst is to come, my dear friend. I have made shipwreck of your little fortune, as well as of my own hopes. I have been obliged to give up all my property to satisfy my indorsers, according to the received notion, that debts to them are debts of honor, and I have not wherewith to pay a penny of the thirty thousand dollars you trusted to me without bond, mortgage, or security of any sort. This is the requital of your generous, but too rash friendship!

"Fitzhugh, I am a heart-broken man. My hope and energy are gone. If it were not so, I might promise you a day of restitution—I should expect it myself; but all before me is dark and dreary. Even now I feel as if a fever were drying up the fountains of life. Forgive me—pity me, my dear friend; I curse my own folly. You will not curse me, but, believe me, I would coin my heart's blood to make you restitution. Your miserable friend, F. Dunbar."

The following answer to Mr. Dunbar's letter was dated at Mr. Fitzhugh's country residence, and written a week later than his.

"Dear Dunbar: I am truly sorry for your misfortunes; but my dear fellow, take heart of grace. If you have made a total shipwreck, as you say, why so has many a good fellow before you. The storm will pass—you can fit out again; only don't carry quite so much sail, and take out a clearance for some other port than *El Dorado*. As to my money, believe me, on my honor, after the first surprise and shock were over, the loss has not given me a moment's uneasiness. I would not have put the money at risk for myself, or you, if I had not secured an adequate provision for my good wife, and *eight* dear little girls, and Ellen into the bargain, if ever she comes home to us. Our wants are moderate, and our supplies sufficient; and, believe me, a few thousand dollars to be added to the inheritance of each of my girls would not make one of our bright hours brighter. They will never hear of the loss, for I have taken care they should not count upon money that I had subjected to the chances of mercantile life. I have been thus particular to tranquilise you, my dear friend. If finally you retrieve your circumstances, you will pay the debt, and all will be well; and, if you never pay it—why it will be just as well. Ever faithfully yours, Selden Fitzhugh."

"God bless and reward you, noble, *dear* friend," was an indorsement on the back of this letter, dated two days before Mr. Dunbar's death, and written by himself, evidently in a weak and tremulous hand.

Fletcher had read and re-read the letters, and had sat for half an hour meditating on their contents, when Matilda, who had called, on an appointment with Ellen, opened the door, and, seeing him deep in occupation, was retreating, when he said, "Pray, come in, Matilda; you are the person I most wished to see."

"That, I trust, is not very singular! But what is the matter, Fletcher? Are you making your will?"

"I am thinking over the disposition of my worldly effects," he replied, with a very faint smile. "Will you read these letters, Matilda?"

"Yes; but, for Heaven's sake, don't look so solemn; I should think they are from the dead to the living."

"They are—read them, and tell me what you think of them."

Matilda read his father's while Fletcher perused her countenance with a far deeper interest than she evinced. "I see nothing very particular in this," she said. "Your poor father seems to have taken his failure sadly to heart. I never heard before that Mr. Fitzhugh lost by him. But the Fitzhughs are very well off for the country, and I suppose it did not matter much. Ellen was probably adopted by your mother as an off-set."

"No; my mother never knew any thing of the business."

"No! Oh, I forgot—Ellen has lived here all her life. But why are you so sad, dear Fletcher—there is no use in fretting over past troubles?"

"You have read but one of the letters, Matilda," said Fletcher, coldly, without noticing her last reply.

"So I see; but I was thinking so much more of you than of the letters!" She read Mr. Fitzhugh's. Fletcher's eye was riveted to her face; there was no change of color, no moistening of the eye, the return message of a kindred spirit to a generous action. "How well he took it!" she said in her ordinary tone of voice. "I have often heard your mother say, that Ellen was just like her father, making the best of every thing—'from evil still educing good.'" Matilda saw that Fletcher expected more from her; but what, exactly, she could not divine. "Mr. Fitzhugh's letter must have been a balm to your father's wounded spirit, just at that sad time," she added, and paused again. A servant entered and filled the awkward interval with some good reason why Miss Ellen could not keep her appointment.

"I am not sorry," said Matilda, when the door closed, "for now, dear Fletcher, you will go with me."

"No, Matilda, I cannot."

"But you will," she urged, laying her hand persuasively on his shoulder, and with a look that would have seemed to defy denial. "Come, come away, Fletcher from these musty papers—you will be devoured with blue devils; come, I must go, and I will not go without you."

"You must excuse me."

"You are unkind, Fletcher," said Matilda, and her starting tears showed that she could feel keenly. Her pride would not brook any farther entreaty, and she abruptly left the room, not doubting, however, that she should be intercepted, or immediately followed by her penitent lover. But she reached her own home unmolested, and retired to her own apartment, hurt and offended, and resolved, when Fletcher come to his senses, to be unrelenting. There was ring after ring at the street-door, and visiter after visiter was announced; but the only one she cared for came not, and to every one else she was denied. At last the servant brought a note from Fletcher. "There must be something more than one note," thought Matilda, as she broke it open. The current of her feelings was somewhat changed as she read what follows:

"My dearest Matilda:—Forgive me, I pray you. I have seemed unreasonable and sullen to you, and I have done you in my heart more wrong than I have expressed. That heart is wholly yours, and no feeling it harbors shall ever be hidden from you. The truth was, that I expected the letters would have called forth more feeling than they did. I ought to have reflected (and I have since) that our feelings depend much on our humors—that your mind was preoccupied, and that, having particular interest in the parties, you could not participate the strong and painful sympathy that then thrilled every nerve in my frame. I was wrong, and again, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me! I have bound myself to tell the whole truth; and I must confess, that I expected still more—that I expected you would anticipate the conclusions which of course were instinctive with me; but I should have remembered, my dear Matilda, that women, having no business habits or notions, the duty devolving on me at this moment would not have occurred to you. That duty plainly is, to pay my father's debt to the Fitzhughs. There is no legal obligation, but a moral obligation, and an added debt of gratitude that no human law could make more binding, or could invalidate. If I had a family dependent on me, there might be a question; but, situated as I am, there can be none. The debt, with its accumulation of interest, will swallow up nine-tenths of the property I have acquired; but, with the remnant, with rare experience *for three and twenty*, with business talents, and a fair reputation, I shall soon go forward again. That event, which is to be the crowning joy of my life, must be deferred for two years. This is no small trial of my philosophy—of my religion (for I will use the right word;) but, with this bright reward ever in view, no labors, no difficulties will daunt my spirit. Dearest, *dearest* Matilda, forgive me for having for a moment doubted you. It was the first time. I believe, as I believe in all truth, it will be the last."

The following brief note, in pencil, was returned by the servant:

"Come to me at nine this evening. I shall be alone and disengaged then, and not till then. In the mean time, make no disclosures of your intentions to your mother, to Ellen, or to any one."

The interval was one of reposeful confidence to Fletcher, and of that celestial joy that springs from an ability, and an immovable resolution, to perform a right action at a great personal sacrifice. We claim for him no great merit in yielding the money. Any right-minded *young man*, full of health and hope and conscious capacity, might have done this without a pang; but Fletcher was a passionate lover, and he had to encounter the miserable uncertainties of hope deferred.

Let us see how the interval was passed by Matilda. After much agitating self-deliberation, she called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education very much superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the Mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. "Do you believe," said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, "that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?"

"I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others."

"Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement."

"If I choose to be."

"If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up every thing, and living, perhaps, at lodgings, or setting up house-keeping with two servants that you must look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might *ride* in that splendid carriage) and treat yourself, perhaps to one silk gown a year—and all for what? To humor the notions of a young man, who is in no respect, superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes, not much larger either!"

Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion."

"Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing and gain every thing. Luckily your engagement is a secret, as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning—a look could bring him back to you."

"But, mamma, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of?" "Yes, and what every young girl dreams of, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mamma-in-law?"

"Oh detestable!" Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, "I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him; I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it."

The evening came, and, when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in a perfect tune. She advanced toward him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement, the expression was any thing but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

She spoke first, "You do not love me, Fletcher!"

"Not love you, Matilda? God only knows how tenderly I love you."

"No, Fletcher, you do not love me—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof."

"What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be"——

"*It is*, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty could have forced me—much less persuaded me at its first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time."

Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda, that, "if she would share with him, at the present moment, his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him."

Matilda burst into tears. "It is not right—it is not generous," she said, "to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any grovelling care for money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was awaiting my acceptance, and fashion, and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you, and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty."

"A *fancied* duty? Good Heaven!"

"A real duty, then; but so unquestionable, that nine out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is not the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me—you do not love me."

"Matilda, you wrong yourself—you wrong me."

"Prove it to me, then, Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday—burn those letters, and forget them."

"Never!" cried Fletcher—indignantly, "so help me God—never."

"Then the tie that bound us is sundered—our engagement is dissolved."

"Amen!" said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

There is one painful but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved. * * * * *

A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the pannels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady, magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort and command;"

but she had thwarted the plan—she had extinguished the "angel light"—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded for ever betrayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of Discontent and Disappointment brooded over it.

There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet immortalised in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with holy seal and superscription of marriage.

The lady alighted from the coach and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entrée*

"Are you not going in with me Ned?" she asked.

"Not I—I hate bridal visits."

"Oh, come with me, I entreat you," she said, earnestly.

"It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return."

The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room, Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am. Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride—Miss Ellen that was—don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card, now."

While she was taking it from her card-case the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. "Pray, Mrs. Garston," he said, "do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and, like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations."

Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar's roof since the memorable morning, when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties!—Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his "ripened judgment" had set its seal.

Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of her felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda—Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought, no not one, at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all around. Fine pictures should have fine frames; you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think, '*second thoughts best*.'"

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—Cut your coat according o your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be!—If we would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

There are our readers, who have an interest in the cultivation of this plant, will be pleased to learn that attention is now directed of the growers in this country being called on to supply France, the soil from which the tree was originally introduced into this country. This circumstance is fully accounted for by the following remarks on this subject which we copy from the Star:

"The Tuileries Tar and the recent exhibition in Paris aid its vicinity state, that no superiority has been the season for the growth of cocoons from the eggs. The severity of the cold and wet of the last fruits, that the prices have advanced greatly, and there is some prospect that they may yet be next to this country for supplies of our raw cocoon trees, as our fine climate and superior soil cannot these to grow for more vigorously, and to make a much more valuable production. Now they do either in France or Italy. In fact, our mean trees, of one year's growth, attain to five feet the height, and have three to four times the number of branches and leaves that European trees have. This point is readily accounted for by the fact that the multicaulis is an exotic in Europe as well as here, and is a native of a climate which approximates far more closely to ours than to the humid atmosphere of England, where the power of the sun is comparatively feeble.

"The experiments made in Texas have proved that country to be very congenial to the mulberry. The greatest encouragement exists there in regard to the silk culture, and immense plantations are about being formed in Red River valley. We must begin to feel about us, and no longer be so incensed to this all important subject. Let us let our sister-republic leave us in the back ground." —*Herald and Patriot.*

HUNGER *Co. Pa. September 3, 1839.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WHIG:

Gentlemen,—I have been induced, by a respectable acquaintance, (and it is reported in Richmond that I have abandoned my vocation,) and given out all hints of any further attempts at cultivating silk. This is not the case—the contrary, I have fed about 200,000 silk worms this year, and with as good success as any person perhaps in Europe or America, at least so far as I am informed; and after making the experiment, I am fully satisfied that my location is peculiarly adapted to the business, and expect to feed two or three millions of worms next year—and if they have sold more trees than they have raised, or wish to purchase, I hope they will not see my reported failure as an inducement to the tree growers to take less than their value—I have been informed that one individual sold his trees at a low price, and gave my failure as his reason for doing so.

CYRUS CLARKE.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

MULBERRY TREES, EGGS, SILK-WORMS.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass. Aug. 23d, 1839.

Mr. Editor: May I ask what you gentlemen of the South are doing with your cocoons this year? whilst many of our farmers think it will stand for the want of raw silk: I fear you are pursuing the millers to ease out for the production of eggs; why, sir, I hazard nothing in saying, that enough of silk worms are hatched the next season to have consumed the whole leaf crop of France and Italy, while there are not twelve very trees enough in the country to supply the state of New Jersey for silk growing—that this is to be a Silk growing country I am sure, and that speedily, but we must commence at the right end, or all will go wrong. First provide food for the worms—an abundance of it, better have a ton too much than too little; with an abundance of food, the feeding of Silk-worms is very agreeable as well as profitable, but with a hundreds of thousands of worms half grown, and no leaves, it is misery, and in many cases leads to discouragement and disgust with the whole affair.

I foresaw the course that things would take, and have been anxious, but the noble spirit of enterprise that is now stirred in our country to feed a large number of worms, on the first season of raising the trees,—to overstock the country with mulberry trees will be impossible for many years to come, and it is already vastly overstocked with silk-worm eggs, and while we are begging the growers to send us their cocoons, we hear of nothing but eggs, eggs. Such a crisis'ng as there will be next season! I believe to be then starved to death, I am sure they would much rather have been locked in coops, than to have been left to the mercy of the inclemency of the season. Many have taken pride in feeding the beautiful baies of raw Silk, instead of the thousands of bushels of cocoons, which are now in our farmers' garrets. If the Legislature can be induced to take nearly all my cocoons this year, for eggs, as I am prepared to feed on leaves and fifty ounces, the next season, to produce, from five hundred of worms, at least five thousand pounds of raw Silk, to be reeled fit for any manufacturer I disposed.

I know there is great want of knowledge on the subject, and I feel so deep an interest in the success of the cause throughout the country, that I am induced to trouble you with this notice, and to urge it upon your readers and all who are about to engage in this noble enterprise, that they do not attempt to feed for the first time, more than twelve or fifteen ounces of eggs, they may study the habits of the worm and ascertain its wants, and cop ed for it, instead of the feverish anxiety and trouble that many have brought upon themselves for want of knowledge, they will feel an increased interest in the insect, and positive attachment to the worms, before they see the growth of the year, till even those who at first could not look upon a Silk worm without a shudder, cannot be induced to give them up. It is, indeed, a pleasant employment, and as profitable as it is pleasant, and have devoted nine years to the subject, and my confidence increases with every step I take in the newest country, and I am sure that my interest and exertion to forward the good cause, will cause but with life.

SAMUEL WHITMARSH.

TREES.

A gentleman of this city who purchased 5000 of the morus multicaulis trees sold at Wood Philadelphia a few weeks since at public auction, has made sale of 3000 thereof at the rate of 50 per hundred over and above the cost of the whole, having sold 2000 trees for that purpose.

Mr. Moses Tredway of Prince Edward county Va. sold a few days since 10,000 as they stood on the ground, at 50 cents each, cash on delivery to exchange. Mr. Thomas E. Scott also sold 40 trees at 75 cents each, cash on delivery.

In relation to trees generally, we may inform our readers that the fact that the high prices obtained for Mr. Physick's trees have induced many persons to advance them, and to make more former without advancing. On the other hand, many whose necessities are urgent, are forcing their cash into the market, at the north and otherwise, for the purpose of obtaining money. We could point the names of various sales in the neighborhood of this city, at 50 cts. per tree, and some further down at 37½ cents. The temptation for money is severe beyond all former example—and seeing themselves lead in point of the only wonder with us is that trees sell at all. Many in our market counsels from one to three per cent a month, yet the tree growers appear to think buyers will borrow money at that extravagant rate to purchase their trees.

Growers at the south should steadily keep in view one important fact—that the demand for the inexperience in quality to ours, and hence should command a proportionate superiority of price. The prices obtained with us for the small sized and thirty branched trees of the present season, are regulated by the prices of the large southern trees. Being better in quality they ought to yield a better price, and cannot fail to do so, unless crowded to any forced into market.

We know of several large sales of trees made in this city the present week, by private contract, at handsome prices, much higher than could be obtained at auction. The number sold is nearly fifteen hundred. The rates would be more frequent, but for the extreme caution exercised by some of the trees to force off their trees. Our view of the whole subject is much encouraging, and we still believe there is a demand over the country which will take off all the trees at present in it. The scarcity of money may compel many husbands to defer their purchases until spring; but the demand at that time will only be the more active.—*Mercantile Advertiser.*

Thomas M. Ambler, Esq. of the county of Fauquier, has lately sold $10,000 worth of Morus Multicaulis trees, the produce of less than *half an acre.*—*Warrenton Flag.*

At Elizabeth City, N. C. a small lot of common mulberry trees sold lately at $1.50 apiece.

Multicaulis Trees Travelling West.—Nearly all the leaves of the Morus Multicaulis growing in the vicinity of this city, have been purchased for the Western States, and are to take their departure by the canal before a single frost to the leaves, or injury to the trees in transportation. The west, of course, designated their destination. It was supposed that there would be disposed of by auction sales—and several parcels were advertised, but have not been withdrawn. The price of the most diminutive trees at the West is 50 to 75 cents each—and those of 3 to 4 feet in length, and readily at a dollar and upward, thereby offering a great inducement on the score of profit these hard times.—*N. Y. Star.*

Epsom.—Mrs. Keeler, in Carroll co. Maryland, had her pockets rooted of $3000 in gold which she had locked her for greater convenience

Atkinson's Evening Post
and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE HISTORICAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to E. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.
Subscriptions may commence at any time.
Subscribers will be taken from the Post-office unless ordered to be discontinued.
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Letters from editors of other papers, containing exchanges, must be post paid.
Communications intended for publication must be addressed to the editor, and post paid.
Subscriptions may be sent by mail at the risk of the publisher.

Mr. Alva Austin is appointed agent for the N. S. Post at *Lynn*, Mass. in place of J. N. Sanderson, resigned.

B. C. Cake, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster at Swedesborough, *New Jersey*, in place of G. W. Allen resigned.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Appears to be as "tight" as ever. The change for a week or two past. Central Bank Stock on Thursday last sold at 102,—Mechanics' 94 or 96,—Girard Bank at 93,—Farmers' Bank at 96,—Bank of the United States at 93 paid,—Wilmington Rail Road at 44,—less prices than have occurred within our recollection. Money the Bank fully expected to begin the re-issuing of its 5's at 3 and 3 per cent a month. The Banks have determined not to suspend specie payments, as their charters would be forfeited, and they could not resume. They will continue to pay specie, but discount but little or nothing, except to renew paper at maturity, cut down their discounts as much as possible, and let the merchants and men of business suspend, as they may resume again, and this will be the case with a large number in the present crisis, as the notes of the Spring business become due.

A correspondent who appears to have a high idea of the power of the press, asks us why the newspapers do not advocate the re-issuing of *small notes* of $1, 2 and 3, and cause that useful currency to be resuscitated, as such a measure would have a great tendency to relieve the continued fever about *specie*.

We cordially agree with him as to the utility of the exercise of such an influence, if the press is to effect so desirable a consummation. We have always considered the small notes a great convenience, and regret exceedingly their withdrawal since. If the different Legislatures would repeal the State Laws, prohibiting the circulation of small notes, 15 or 20 millions of specie would be sufficient for the change of the whole country, and the Banks would not be so frequently compelled to curtail their business, and scramble for specie as they do now.

If in addition to this the National Government would borrow 100 millions, and divide it among the States for internal improvement and educational purposes, and charter a strong national bank, which might keep the host of small local banks within proper bounds, and regulate the currency, we have hopes of a speedy return to the good old times of regular and steady business habits.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURES.

The first Course of Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, will be commenced on Friday evening, November 1st, 1839, in the Saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. The latter Directory, by the Hall of Jane Street. To be followed on every succeeding Friday, by one of the following named gentlemen:

Hon. Hugh L. White; William M. Meredith, Esq.; Professor Vethake; Hon. Judge Conrad; Rev. John Coleman; David Paul Brown, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Chapin; Rev. George B. Cheever, Esq.; Rev. Thos. H. Stockton; Samuel Rush, Esq.; Rev. Albert Barnes; Job R. Tyson, Esq.; Morton McMichael, Esq.; G. Emerson, M. D.; H. McMurtrie, M. D.

Tickets may be had at the bookstore of Mr. Henry Perkins, adjoining the Bank of the United States.

ATHENIAN INSTITUTE LECTURES.

The third course of the popular Lectures before the Athenian Institute, will be commenced on Tuesday evening, December 3th, 1831, in the Saloon of the Musical Fund Hall.

The following gentlemen have accepted invitations to Lecture; due notice of their respective evenings will be given:

Rev. Dr. Ludlow; Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq.; Jno. M. Reed, Esq.; Dr. John K. Mitchell; Professor Henry Reed; Professor A. D. Bache; Dr. R. M. Patterson; B. Gerhard, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Todd; Dr. C. D. Meigs; Rev. Dr. Bethune; John K. Kane, Esq.; Dr. Jas. Bell; Wm. B. Reed, Esq.; Robert Hare, Jr. Esq; Dr. Robley Dunglison; Judge Hopkinson.

Tickets for the Course may be had of Mr. Joseph Sill, No. 105 Chesnut street.

MORUS MULTICAULIS SALE.

We call the attention of our readers to a sale of Morus Multicaulis trees, to take place on the 19th inst. at the store of Mr. Joseph Chester the particulars and terms of which are detailed in our advertising columns. At the present time, speculators are awake, and those who have trees for sale will do well to attend. Chester Trees may possibly be had in the spring, but those who desire their purchases till then, may expect high prices.

SALE OF A FARM.

We would call the attention of those who wish to purchase a farm, convenient to the city, to an advertisement that we insert below, of a farm situated in Chester County, about one mile from the Yellow Springs, the property of Michael Pearse, deceased, containing one hundred and sixty-six acres.

MR. VAN BUREN.

The President of the United States, accompanied by his secretary of War and his lady, were last week at Albany. The Kinderhook Sentinel of Thursday, says, that the President was expected at Kinderhook before the close of the week. He is daily expected to arrive in this city. Our Councils at their last meeting unanimously passed the following resolutions.

Whereas, it is ascertained that the President of the United States is about to visit the city, and whereas the presence of Magistrate of the republic is entitled to the respect of its citizens; therefore

Resolved, That the Presidents of the Select and Common Councils be requested to tender to the President of the United States, on behalf of the bodies over which they preside, the civilities usual in such cases, and that a joint committee of the Committee on City Property be directed to make the necessary arrangements for their disposal; which was agreed to.

DEATH OF GEN. WAYNE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston Patriot of the evening of the 30th September says:—"It is our painful duty to announce the death of General Robert Y. Hayne, one whom both the State of South Carolina and the Union have delighted to honor and cherish, with a warmth of affection that never knew abatement, died at Asheville, N. C. on Tuesday last, after a few days' illness, of bilious fever, in the 45th year of his age."

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.

The second edition of the Express of Wednesday afternoon, observes:—That in one of the largest days in Wall street. Stocks have gone up for two days past, which is quite a novelty. Money, it is said, is also easier. The British Queen took a little short of eight hundred thousand dollars in specie. This, with what freight she had, gave her a freight list of thirteen hundred pounds."

The New York Commercial "not a complimentary notice of the Chinese Mission, by saying:—In fact you can go to China, by going to Philadelphia.

LITERARY.

"Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice," by the the author of "The Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Dinner"—3 vols. Philadelphia—Lea & Blanchard.

The two volumes before us are distinguished by that most typographical appearance, as well as by the *taking* character of their title. They are not, however, as many would suppose, a series of amusing adventures, thrown loosely together, without plot, point, or talent, and only intended to fill out a book. On the contrary they contain a succession of valuable things, and not rarely moralistical remarks upon the means of obtaining practice, illustrated by various anecdotes, which the author, though anonymous, seems to have drawn from personal observation in the profession of the law. To lawyer we should think the work highly instructive; to say it is pleasing, and at times exceedingly interesting.

"Ecclesiastical Directory, containing a list of the Churches, &c. in the City and County of Philadelphia."

Mr. Thomas Porter, 52 south Front street, has published a large map with the above title, which will be useful as a reference, and should be found in every public house. It appears to have been got up with much care.

"The Ladies Book" for October, is open our table, and in addition to the usual variety of beauties, contains some fine cuts illustrative of the art of horsemanship. The leading paper contains some valuable hints to ladies on the art of riding, and is followed by a humorous and interesting tale entitled the "The Orphan," from the pen of Mrs. Parsons. On the whole the Ladies Book fully sustains its high reputation.

"Nicholas Nickleby," No 10—Lea & Blanchard—Philadelphia.

The adventures of Nicholas loocrese is interest as the volumes draw to a close. Some of the finest wonders of the work in this number may be found in this number. The death scene of poor Smike is pathetic in the extreme. Some of the finest wonders of the work in this number may be found in the pages of Nickleby, and those who predicted a falling off in the interest of the papers, have been mistaken for once.

"The Token and Atlantic Souvenir" for 1840. Otis, Broaters, & Co. *Boston.*

The Souvenir is one of those unexpectedly find in new hands, is handsomely got up. It contains a variety of very fine engravings, and articles from pens of high reputation. Some, however, that the contributors, with scarcely an exception, are Yankees. We see the names of Greenville Mellen, Mrs. Seba Smith, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, and a host of Yankee shouts. There appears to be no falling off, however, in the style of the work, the interest of the articles or the beauty of the embellishments.

"The American Phrenological Journal" for October is issued. It contains a very fine head, and a short biography of the celebrated Dr. Gall, with a variety of other articles, besides, illustrative of the principles of the science.

"The Damsel of Darien," by the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c.—2 vols Lea & Blanchard.

Our readers will remember that we gave them an extract from this work in our last, which contained an eloquent description of a hurricane. It showed that the author was a man of power. We have not had time to pay that attention to the work, which would justify us elaborate criticism, but from what we have seen, we have glanced over. we commend the work to the notice of our readers.

JOSEPH LANCASTER.

A prospectus has been issued to publish by subscription, *the Life of Joseph Lancaster*, founder of the Lancasterian System of Education.

The memoirs of a man who devoted his whole life to the cause of education, and whose name, regardless of personal interest, persevered with untiring zeal in perfecting and diffusing the benefits of that system, cannot but be deeply interesting in the present age of the world. Millions of the human family have already been delivered from the power and dominion of ignorance by this "Friend of Man," and his system of education will doubtless extend its benefits to all future generations.

AMUSEMENTS.

Philadelphia Museum—Monsieur and Madame Claudet's, with the musical glasses and the accompaniments in the style of the celebrated Paganini or the German harp and violin, continue the strong attractions at the Museum Mr. and Mrs Wood have been engaged, and will give their second grand concert on Monday evening, assisted by Miss Clarence Wells, Mr. Quayle, &c.

Circus.—The Mammoth Circus is open at the Corner of Filbert and Broad streets, under the direction of Messrs Fogg & Stickney, with splendid equestrian entertainments.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Way Port, Md. September 19th.—An occurrence, which resulted in the death of four men, citizens of the adjoining county of Chamberlain, in the state of Alabama, has created a deep sensation in this county. The circumstances of the case are as follows:—Mr. Ware, a wealthy planter, had a daughter seduced from her father's house. On Friday morning last, the 30th ult. Mr. Ware, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Wood, and two negroes, went to the house of Mr. Cole, the father of the seducer, and demanded the restoration of his daughter. Cole refused to comply with the demand, and ordered Mr. Ware off his premises. Mr. Ware refused to leave the house, and gave his name to Cole, who then left the house, and returned with a double barrelled gun, loaded with buck shot, and shot Mr. Ware dead on the spot. Mr. Wood then shot Cole dead on the spot. Cole's son then shot Mr. Wood dead on the spot. Cole's son then shot Mr. Wood dead on the spot. Cole's son then shot Mr. Wood

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Sunday—The dry goods store of Shultz Son & Thomas, No. 25 North Third street, was broken open on Sunday night and robbed of a number of pieces.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—The shipments for the week ending the 30th, were 2663 tons; total this season, 171,767 tons.

Coal—Eleven fleetwood and six tons of coal passed over the Reading Railroad, on Saturday last, ending Sept. 29, of which amount, 995 tons were shipped on the 29th, and 1716 tons on the last day, through on the 30th, and 1753 tons on the 2d inst., making 3338 tons per day.

The body of William Gallen, who was drowned on Saturday last, from the wharf at the School Hill, by falling from a coastal boat, was found on Sunday morning in the river, between Market and Arch streets. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of accidental drowning returned. It is believed that the deceased left a wife and family in Pottsville.—*Sentinel.*

Drowned.—A colored man named Mitchell was drowned at Walnut street wharf. He had gone upon the starboard's bow, and in attempting to get from the bow to the side of the boat, he suddenly slipped off, and drowned before any assistance could be rendered by any person in time for his rescue. The body was recovered some time afterwards, and upon the inquest it appears he had been intoxicated.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Stabbing.—Henry D. Blake, who keeps a tinware shop on Market, a little south of Fifth street, was arrested on Saturday afternoon, before the Mayor charged with seriously stabbing a colored man named Richard Little. It appears that the two parties were standing in the middle of the footway, very much intoxicated, when Little struck the former person, when Stewart came peaceably along, and requested them to desist from fighting, but on turning away from the parties, Little struck Stewart a severe one of the arteries of his right arm with his knife.

Rather Unpleasant.—The Northampton (Massachusetts) Courier contains an account of a most unpleasant adventure of a young man from Deerfield, named Dodge, who spent the night of Wednesday last in a tree which is in the trackless forest of Mt. Holyoke, in which he became lost. A locust was the tree selected for the night's lodging. On the return of day-light he ascended a tree, and discovered the fall spire of the village, which he knew to be his place of residence, and after some hours several travel, reached a farm house, where he was kindly received and entertained. His situation when he was first seen was a most ludicrous one. His clothes were covered with fishings, worn out the covering to his feet, and his face and hands made by his encounters with the tangled forest, aside from the chills and fever which he had contracted from his wet couch on the mountain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The New York Sunday Visitor complains of the disgraceful scenes that exist every Sunday at Fulton Ferry, that the young ladies can't help it; they are always subjected to the rudest insults.

Leggett's Library.—The New York Herald says that Leggett left a library valued by Mr. Rich at $20,000. But it was bought by Mr. Forbes, who rode at the rate of 80 miles a day from Massachusetts to New York in October, has been resold by the President until the last of next January.

Frozen Stiff in Town.—On last Sunday week as some men were digging the foundation of the aqueduct at Canajoharie, N. Y. they discovered a well preserved corpse, from the pocket of which had not been used for several years, and was recognized as that of Jacob Snell, who died in the house of a man. From the shoes, wallet, and several other articles lying near the body, from a scar on the cheek bone, the mass was identified as the deceased. It appears that deceased had been employed about the furnace, who about four years since disappeared under mysterious circumstances, no trace of whom could be made.

It appears that he had crept under the floor of the furnace, and intentionally plunged head foremost into the well, as he could not have accidentally attempted to commit suicide.

The Kidnapped Boy, whose rescue from slavery we announced on Saturday, has reached this city, on his way home at Worcester. He is the most intelligent little fellow of eight years of age, and the son of a very respectable mechanic of that city. The gentleman who went west to Virginia in search of him is a Mr. Rice; he found the boy and his mother in the same family, and with which he effected his benevolent object. Shearer, the kidnapper, was left in jail at Parkersburg, awaiting a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts. He had two or three accomplices, and there is strong suspicion of officers, from what came out on the examination of Shearer, that the boy was not the first that had been kidnapped and sold by him and his confederates.—*Boston Bee.* [He was brought to Philadelphia, a symptom of means to be employed.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*]

Fire—On Wednesday night last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the second story of Mrs. Lewis's house, No. 1 Commerce street, Bensad street, third door below Duck, which was extinguished by the exertions of the watch, before any serious damage was done to the building and its contents. Although the attic and roof of the building were completely wrapped in flames when the watch arrived, the fire was soon extinguished by the firemen upon their arrival that but little damage was sustained by the main building. Mr. Hodges occupied the part of the building where the fire originated, and that part of it fronting on Dock street, was occupied by Mr. Bird, as a boot and shoe store-room. Amount of damage not known.

Goodly Assault.—On Tuesday morning a sailor, named Smith, belonging to the ship Niagara, was brought before Alderman Farr, of Southwark, charged with having committed an assault and battery upon the wife of Mr. John Kingston of Gaskill street, in the house possession of all the materials, plates, &c. We understand a requisition was made on Governor Muhlenberg's requisition was made on Governor Muhlenberg's requisition was made on Governor Muhlenberg's

THE CAGE

Wordsworth

The opens of hands
Wheel grows it all the flowers are

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANK, WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW.

BY ANNAN.

Oh my thoughts are in memory my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
Four bright rivulets there through the meadows it made.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Pluck'ing up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my small limbs were chill'd with the bright silver dew,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain gave suddenly spill
Then rose the shadow the long branches gave,
As they lay o'er the silvery and depth'n the wave!
The wild birds sang sweetly among the green trees,
Some sang to their mates, some to attract by a desire,
While my home and the cottages rose red on my view,
Near the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew.

As I lay'd on the bank where the buttercups grew,
The beautiful things I love I watched them unfold,
The tiny lilies and daisies sweet of gold.
Oh, never a spot since those days have I seen
With incense of such fashions, and flowers of such charms,

Hear glad was my spirit! for then there was nought
To torture its sing, save some boyish thought
Breaking up from its depths with such wild woe that the
blow
Of the grass mossy bank, where the buttercups grew.

The little I have read I would quickly retrace
Could I see in back the glimpses that lurked from my
lids,
As I could my warm lip in the harvest I love
With a smile on my face, as I gaze on the dove.
Could I wander again where my footsteps was used
With the happy that dwelt in my bosom cheerful;
And, cold, still, in the cooled tomb of the dead,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

AN INDIFFERENT FRIEND.—One of our citizens went into a grocery store of somewhere and said to the man behind the counter "I want to raise some money on good paper." After some fencing on the part of the latter, the former said he would give his note for $100, and came the question about the security of payment. The storekeeper thought the matter over awhile and then said that if he would make it the day after the day of paying, that it would be all right. The next day the money was counted over twelve dollars more than it borrowed the day before. The note fell due in two months, and in all probability not far distant. Mr. Stairs thinks that it want of funds that he could not accomplish a loan in Georgia.

TREE.—The New York Courier, in a sensible article on the subject, says:

"The extreme carelessness of housekeepers to all neighbor water pipes, and the frequent and almost incessant occasion of terrestrial disorder and plastering in street, which is the result of the same, should be thought it may be difficult to put a stop to it altogether.

GOOD FOR THE.—At one of our fashionable watering places, frequented by gentlemen of considerable fortune, upon leaving the dinner bell rang as half-past three o'clock—"Is it possible," said a gentleman from the early hour in the country? Why, I have not been over until six o'clock for years and years in the city."

Our second table talks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

GOING A FISHING.—A clergyman, of a country village, desiring to catch the river trout, which would be to no avail in the afternoon, he was "going to officiate for another clergyman in the city." Some wicked fellow, without any regard for the sanctity of the day, called out, "Why not say you are going a fishing?" With one dreadful look of indignation, he replied, "that will be to profane that of which, as Mr. L. is going a fishing, I am going to preach."

MUSIC.—Men are alike in their early years, except as to their taste; social as much, unlike in old age. In early life they delight all men by their music, and it is then to be hoped, in how the they believe all to be in harmony, in their later years they delight in it, as to how few or other, men pass from one of these extremes to the other.

"Sister! I tell you to crush that editorial!" as the printer's devil said, the editor handed him half a dozen printed copy, with instructions to have it printed.

The Postman with a merry air to fellow who said to him, "I wish you would bring me a letter, for I have only didn't stay or the tinsoler before hand.

A late London journal tells a pretty good story of a London lawyer, who, after a long and tedious speech for the defence of a negress for the abstinence of a new born child. Addressed the jury, "I hope you have satisfied, but the learned counsel opposed the prosecution, laughed heartily at the speech of the lady. "I have, indeed, laughed more than I ever did in my life; but I pray you to do, and do with a what you will with the child, provided you make the jade in some; and no please assure here, I promise you."

AN OLD FOE.—In the year 1492, in a fish pond in Saxony, a carp of prodigious size was caught, and cast in its net a ring, of copper, with these words in Latin: "I am the fish that was first put into the pond by the hands of Frederick the Second, Governor of the world, on the 5th day of December." From that the carp must have lived two hundred and eighty-seven years. No wonder, says an old writer, of relating this memorable fish was doomed to end his days in a stew-pot!

TEMPERANCE.—Of Four Bores, in his treatise on the Prolongation of Life, is an old chapter on wine, as, "Take wine and water absent the head, sidiug, innocently," which I think is to be imputed to no wine, but the water. We think so. Take the fair one remonstrate it to the old, but not to the young, and at all times in moderation; but, he says, "if it is over-much instead it will do a great deal of harm."

THE DANDY.

Antiochus, the Persian, looked upon a physician as a portent of his profession who could not defend himself from sickness, and this opinion so much prevailed universal by John Henry Colcheus, a German physician, in respect of by his own example. The good doctor, however, does not seem here long the Persian lived.

To afford any person in the most foolish thing to being of mind. Fewness is not always the sign of wisdom; the contrary of silence is sometimes a sign of stupidity, of folly, and sometimes not the sense. Silence has a high, solemn, and majestic look, which strikes people's minds, and let it pass (she all loud cries of passion), as fathers are affected from the end and clamorously by the whispers and shouts of children.

AMERICAN INGENUITY IN STARVING THE LAW.—The very first student of the Revenue Law that has been issued, is to find out how they can evade it. The ingenious day ingenuity; and it is very amusing to witness the efforts of the Revenue officers to check it. An instance in connection of the provisions of by-gone-bottle, the proprietor of which has a law, that no liquor should be retailed, or rather the retail were, "not sold drop stored were sold." We think we have of a dog not wanting a tremble should be brought up by the Revenue officers, and the proprietor stated that the body convicted of having received the money from the sale of the liquor. The dog was brought into the court, and a remark to his dog's tail (the not not stating which dog was to be placed), and the face of the officers, presenting the dog with the money at the same time, the proprietor removed the dog and brought to the town hall. Its manner, being well known, was discovered, and acquitted. He proved that he was confided with the act, in having a muzzle on the dog; but further proved that the muzzle was the property of the dog's tail, he trusted that he should be fined five dollars for the offence.

THE DANDY.

Gone the a dandyism of gall,
A man a man need, with a brand use.
A mere of paper issued as Congress Hall,
And eighteen notes as tough as cobbler's wax!
Let one be worthless, and the other glad,
Reminnie me with those to make me mad.
Cuddle my neither with the forms of beauty,
Those her she we have with I backs about the
Ye, running, spotting, snake-faced, pearly things,
With cream-tart to ugly as fiddle strings,
Could I as a friend, and speak to a man,
Ah the Want D sharp, the FAIR B flat;—
Ye tangled supernumerate slaves,
Ye self-pitying, pitiful, pitiful, pitiful knaves,
Ye tinsel-looking eyes with cat fish gills,
Ye scamps, go and pay your Tailor's Bills.

THE DAME MARRY.—The following witty verses of the Dame Marry is from a New Orleans paper.

Have you ever a mother to make your bed wear. Sheets are few, and a soft further *fallen of a* in sugar, cream, and nutmeg. Raspberries

Yes, some dressed her linen yesterday, but a few in number. Some dressed her linen yesterday, but a few in number. Some dressed her linen yesterday, but a few in number.